

TRUXTON KING

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CHAPTER XIII. A DIVINITY SHAPES.

It was pitch dark when he awoke. The sound of breathing came to his ears. He sat up. His hands were free. It had not been a dream. She was lying over there asleep. The candle had burnt itself out; that was all. He crept softly across the floor. In the darkness he found her and touched the garments she wore—and drew back enthralled.

Afraid to move for fear of disturbing her, he sat quietly for an hour or more. All this time his brain was working like mad in the new found desire to perform miracles for the sake of this lovely, unattainable creature. He was forgetting the prince, the horrors of the 26th; he was thinking only of saving this girl from the fate that Marlanx had in store for her. Vos Engo may have had the promise, but what could it profit him if Marlanx had the girl?

Footsteps in the outer room recalled him to the bitter reality of their position. He awoke her and whispered words of encouragement into her bewildered ears. Then he put on his coat and threw himself on the floor, first wrapping the rope about his wrists to deceive the guard.

A key turned in the padlock. Old man Spantz stood in the doorway.

"It is noon," said the old man frantically. Then he came in and lighted a candle.

"Noon of the 25th," said Truxton bitterly. "In twenty-four hours it will be all over, eh, Spantz?"

"At noon tomorrow," Julius Spantz brought in the food for the prisoners, setting it on the floor between them.

"It is usually the duty of our friend Julius to feed me," observed Truxton to his fellow prisoner.

"Julius," queried the girl from the castle, peering at the man. "Not Julius Spantz of the armory?"

"The same," said Truxton. Julius laughed awkwardly.

"Enough," snarled William Spantz. His manner changed completely, however, when he turned to address the young lady. "I beg to inform you, madam, that your stay is to be brief. Tonight you will be removed to more pleasant quarters than a friend has prepared for you. As for you, my friend," turning to Truxton and smiling ironically, "I deeply deplore the fact that you are to remain. When we next gather in the room beyond a new dispensation will have begun. You may be interested then to hear what we have to say out there."

With a profound bow to the lady and a leer for King he departed, bolting the door behind him. Instantly King was at her side.

"An idea has come to me," he whispered eagerly. "I think I see a way."

"Mr. King, what is it you intend to do? Please tell me. I must know. You heard what he said about taking me to the count's. He meant Marlanx. I will die first."

"No, I will die first. By the way, I may as well tell you that I wasn't thinking altogether of how we are to escape. Why should I save you from Marlanx just to have you hurry off and get married to Vos Engo? It's a mean thought, I know," hastily "but, just the same, I hate to think of you marrying some one else."

"Some one else?" she questioned, a pucker on her forehead.

"Oh, I know I wouldn't have a ghost of a chance even if there wasn't a Vos Engo. It isn't that," he explained. "I recognize the difference in our stations and—"

"What has all this got to do with your plan to escape?"

"Nothing at all. The point I'm trying to get at is this: Don't you think it's pretty rough on a hero to save the girl for some other fellow to snap up and marry?"

"I think I begin to see," she said, a touch of pink coming into her cheeks.

"That's encouraging," he said, staring gloomily at the food he had put aside. "You are quite sure you promised Vos Engo that you'd marry him?"

"No, I did not promise him that I'd marry him."

"You said you had promised!"

"You did not allow me time to finish. I meant to say that I had promised to let him know in a day or two. That is all, Mr. King. There was a suspicious tremor in her voice.

"What's that?" he demanded. "You—you don't mean to say that—Oh, Lord, I wonder—I wonder if I have a chance—just a ghost of a chance?" He leaned very close, incredulous, fascinated. "What is it that you are going to let him know—yes or no?"

"That was the question I was considering when the brigands caught me," she answered.

"Of course he is in your own class," said Truxton glumly.

She hesitated an instant. "Mr. King, has no one told you my name—who I am?" she asked.

"You are the prince's aunt. That's all I know."

"No more his aunt in reality than

Jack Tullis is his uncle."
"Who are you, then?"
"I am Jack Tullis' sister, a New Yorker bred and born, and I live not more than two blocks from your—"
He stared at her in speechless amazement. "Then—then you are not a duchess or a—?" he began again.
"Not at all—a very plain New Yorker," she said, laughing aloud. "You are not disappointed, are you? Does it spoil your romance to?"
"Spoil it? Disappointed? No! By George, I—I can't believe that any



THE WHOLE WEIGHT OF TRUXTON KING'S BODY WAS BEHIND THE TERRIFIC BLOW.

such luck—no, no, I don't mean it just that way! Let me think it out. Let me get it through my head.

"Miss Tullis," he said, a thrill in his voice, "you are a princess just the same. I never was so happy in my life as I am this minute. It isn't so black as it was. I thought I couldn't win you because you—"

"Win me?" she gasped.

"Precisely. Now I'm looking at it differently. I don't mind telling you that I'm in love with you—desperately in love. It's been so with me ever since that day in the park. I loved you as a duchess or a princess and without hope. Now, I—I, well, I'm going to hope. Perhaps Vos Engo has the better of me just now, but I'm in the lists with him—with all of them. If I get you out of this place—and myself as well—I want you to understand that from this minute I am trying to win you if it lies in the power of any American to win a girl who has suitors among the nobility."

"Are—are you really in earnest?" she murmured.

"I mean every word of it. I do love you."

"I—I cannot talk about it now, Mr. King," she fluttered, moving away from him in a sudden panic. Presently he went over to her. She was standing near the candle, staring down at the flame, with a strangely preoccupied expression in her eyes.

"Forgive me," he said. "I was hasty, inconsiderate. I—"

"You quite took my breath away," she panted, looking up at him, with a queer little smile.

"I know," he murmured.

Her troubled gaze resumed its sober contemplation of the flame.

"You won't leave me to my fate because you think I'm going to marry—some one else?"

He grew very sober. "Miss Tullis, you and I have one chance in a thousand. You may as well know the truth."

"Oh, I can't bear the thought of that dreadful old man," she cried, abject distress in her eyes.

He gritted his teeth and turned away.

Late in the afternoon Anna Cromer appeared before them, accompanied by two of the men. Crisply she commanded the girl to come forth.

She was in the outer room for the better part of an hour listening to Anna Cromer and Mme. Drovansk, who dinned the praises of the great Count Marlanx into her ears. They bathed the girl's face and freshened her garments. It occurred to her that she was being prepared for a visit of the redoubtable Marlanx himself and put the question plainly.

"No," said Anna Cromer. "He's not coming here. You are going to him. He will not be Count Marlanx after tomorrow, but Citizen Marlanx, one of the people, one of us."

Little did they know Marlanx.

"Julius and Peter will come for you tonight," said Mme. Drovansk, with an evil, suggestive smile.

Truxton was beginning to tremble with the fear that she would not be returned to their room when the door was opened and she came in.

Some time in the tense, suffocating hours of the night they heard the sounds of many footsteps shuffling about the outer room. There were hoarse, guttural, subdued goodbyes and well wishes, the creaking of heavy doors and the dropping of bolts. Eventually King, who had been listening alertly, realized that but two of the men remained in the room, Peter Brutus and Julius Spantz.

An hour crept by and another. King was groaning under the suspense. The time was too slowly approaching when he was to attempt the most desperate act in all this sanguinary tragedy.

He had told her of his plan. She knew the part she was to play. And if all went well—ah, then!

Suddenly he started to his feet, his jaws set, his eyes gleaming. The telegraph instrument was clicking in the

outer room.
Taking his position near the girl, who was crouching in real dismay, he leaned against the wall, his hands behind him, every muscle strained and taut.

The door opened, and Julius Spantz, bewildered and awkward, entered. He wore a raincoat and storm hat and carried a rope in one of his hands.

"Time you were asleep," he said stupidly, addressing King. He turned to the girl. "Come, madam, I must!"—He did not complete the sentence.

The whole weight of Truxton King's body was behind the terrific blow that landed on the man's jaw. Julius Spantz's knees crumpled. He lunged against the wall. The man was stunned beyond all power of immediate action. It was the work of an instant to snatch the revolver from his coat pocket.

"Guard the door!" whispered King to the girl, pressing the revolver into her hand, "and shoot if you have to!"

A handkerchief was stuffed into the unconscious man's mouth. The long coat and boots were jerked from his limp body before his hands and feet were bound with the rope he carried. The bushy whiskers and wig were removed from his head and transferred in a flash to that of the American. Then the boots, coat and hat found a new wearer.

Peter Brutus was standing in the stairway leading to the sewer.

"Hurry up, Julius," he called imperatively. "They are below with the boat."

When a tall, grunting man emerged from the inner room bearing the limp figure of a girl in a frayed raincoat he did not wait to ask questions, but rushed over and locked the cell door. Then he led the way down the narrow stairway. His only reply to King's guttural remark in the Graustark language was:

"Don't speak, you fool! Not a word until we reach the river!"

A moment later the girl was being lowered through the hole into rough, eager arms. Brutus and his companion dropped through, the secret block of masonry was closed, and off through the shallow waters of the sewer glided the party riverward in the noiseless boat that had come up to ferry them.

There were three men in the boat, not counting Truxton King.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADOPTED AT AGE OF FORTY

Pittsburg Woman Becomes Legal Daughter of 70-Year-Old Spinster

Pittsburg, June 20.—In common pleas court No. 2, Judge Hayman presiding, an order of adoption was issued which makes a woman 40 years old the legal daughter of a woman aged 70.

The elder woman is Miss Mary L. McIntosh, a very sick woman, of Pittsburg, who relates in the petition for the adoption that she was never married and has no heirs; that Ida S. Leight, aged 40, has never married, and has lived at the home of Miss McIntosh for thirty years, or since the death of Miss Leight's parents.

The order of the court gives the adopted woman the rights of a child and heir, and directs that her duties shall be those of a child to its parents.

CHANLER WEDS CAVALIERI

Plea For Early Wedding Accepted by Grand Opera Singer

Paris, June 20.—Robert W. Chanler of New York, grandson of the late John Jacob Astor, and Mlle. Lina Cavalieri, the grand opera singer, were married by the mayor of the eighth arrondissement of Paris. Only the witnesses of the contracting parties were present.

The marriage was originally planned for autumn. Mlle. Cavalieri had engagements to sing in Russia and South America, but she became slightly ill and her physician advised against both trips.

Mr. Chanler followed the singer to Paris, and when he arrived here he pressed for an early marriage. In this he was successful, and they waited only until the necessary papers for the bride could be obtained from Italy.

WILL SURELY FIGHT ON FOURTH OF JULY

Principals Don't Care Where the Big Mill Comes Off

San Francisco, June 20.—"We'll fight somewhere on July 4. We don't care much where."

This was the gist of the interviews given last night by both Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson. Neither principal seems to be affected by the action of the governor in preventing the championship battle from coming off in San Francisco.

"What difference does it make where we fight?" asked Jeffries. "If we have to go to Nevada, it will be as fair for me as it will be for Johnson, and I guess we'll both be in shape, no matter where the ring is pitched. They'll find me ready."

Johnson was equally positive. "I don't care if I fight here or in Kalamazoo," said the negro champion. "I'll be ready, and from the reports I get from Jeff's camp, he will be, too. There'll be a fight on July 4, be sure of that."



"DE-LIGHTED!"

MINISTER HAS DECAMPED

Nine Women Have Thus Far Claimed Him as Husband

Richmond, June 17.—Rev. S. W. Tucker, pastor of a negro congregation at Scafieldtown, near Richmond, has jumped his bail and disappeared and his bond of \$500 has been forfeited.

Seven women have come forward claiming Tucker as husband. Two more have written to the same effect from North Carolina.

When Tucker was arrested, charged with prowling at night around the house of still another negro woman, a rabbit's foot, a bottle of gin and a bottle of cologne were found in his pockets.

ON THRESHOLD OF PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Armed Man Is Arrested by Police in the White House

Washington, June 17.—James Stricklin, 45 years old, of Cumberland, Md., was arrested at the front door of the executive mansion. Stricklin insisted on seeing President Taft, saying he had important news for him.

Stricklin, who is of prepossessing appearance, gained entrance to the executive office without question and was at the threshold of President Taft's inner office when the doorkeeper, alarmed by the man's air of suppressed excitement, held him up and questioned him. As Stricklin tried to force his way past him, the doorkeeper called Detective Sergeant Dalrymple. The officer, after a question or two, was convinced the man was insane. He searched him and found a 38-calibre revolver, fully loaded, and \$100, and then placed him under arrest.

At the station house Stricklin said he was a miner, and declared he came to Washington in answer to advertisements for him, that President Taft had inserted in various West Virginia papers.

The man was taken to the Washington asylum hospital, charged with insanity.

BARGE IS HAUNTED

Ghost of Former Skipper Mans What Is Left of Famous Old Liner

Seattle, June 20.—Sailors say that the famous old liner Melanope, which was dismantled and converted into a big barge, is haunted. Captain and Mrs. Walter Tinn, who were in charge of it, have been transferred, at the request, it is said, of Mrs. Tinn, who found it unpleasant to live on a ship manned by a ghost.

The ghost is supposed to be that of the former skipper of the Melanope, the celebrated Captain Willis, who commanded the big ship some ten years ago.

SAILS UP 4503 FEET

World's Aeroplane Record For Altitude Is Broken by Brookings

Indianapolis, June 19.—Walter Brookings, in a Wright biplane, broke the world's aeroplane record for altitude when he soared to a height of 4503 feet, according to the measurement of the altimeter.

His motor stopped as he was descending and he made a glide of two miles, landing easily in a wheat field.

Russia's Population 160,000,000

St. Petersburg, June 17.—The population of the Russian empire, including Finland, according to data collected by the governmental statistical department for 1909, has reached 160,095,200, an increase of 33,199,000, or 26.2 percent, since the last general census in 1897.

TO HOLD SUMMER SESSION

Lyman School Investigators Ask For Autopsy on Newman's Body

Boston, June 16.—The special legislative committee investigating the death of John Newman of Cambridge at the Lyman school, and also the treatment of the boys held at the institution, mailed a demand to District Attorney Taft of Worcester county that public sentiment and public interest required that John Newman's body be exhumed and an autopsy performed.

The committee is to hold sessions during the summer, when the whole system of Lyman school correctional methods will be considered, together with the effect of the punishments upon the boys. This is in accordance with an order passed by the house yesterday.

WILD WELCOME TO ROOSEVELT

Ex-President Both Laughs and Weeps From Sheer Joy

HIS POPULARITY UNDOUBTED

Solid Yell From More Than a Million Throats Travels With Him as He Rides Through Five Miles of Closely Packed People—Dramatic Closing Scene, When He Shakes Hands With Every Rough Rider in Parade

New York, June 18.—Mr. Roosevelt is home, the happiest man alive. His reception in the gateway of his country went straight to his heart. He laughed like a boy. He wept unashamed.

Nothing in all his career—he said it with clinched jaws and a bang of his fist—so affected him as the fervency of the greeting he got on land and water. New York, which was all America for the day, just reached out, gripped him by the hand, slapped him on the back in the way he liked and said: "Teddy, you're mighty welcome home."

From his year and a quarter of hunting and sightseeing and speech making, he returned with no policies in his mouth. Afloat and ashore, stand-patters and insurgents coveted his smile, plucked at his sleeve and prayed for a declaration. He laughed them aside. In the wonder of his welcome he was in no mood, he told them all, for political discussion.

It is the simple truth that no American was ever so mightily acclaimed as ex-President Roosevelt, no prince or princelet was ever so received. Within the eight hours of his stay in New York boundaries, he was offered every mark of honor that time and his own comfort permitted.

Forts and warships roared the presidential salute of twenty-one guns and more than a million people lined the water side and the streets and cheered him every foot of his way.

His welcome began when the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria loomed at 6:45 a. m. through the mists off Sandy Hook and it ended, so far as this city is concerned, only when he went aboard his train for Oyster Bay at 4:30 p. m. At 8 o'clock off quarantine he was received by representatives of President Taft and Governor Hughes and senators and governors and legislators and private citizens of distinction were waiting to grasp his hand.

The fervency of his welcome grew as he approached the land. When he touched foot on Manhattan island at 10:56 a. m., there were 100,000 people around Battery park to roar a welcome. On the stand Mayor Gaynor greeted him with the briefest of speeches, and Roosevelt with almost equal brevity assured the mayor and

many citizens that he was

be home.

Presently he was on his way up Broadway through greater crowds than ever gathered in that canyon in anyone's memory. There was no doubting his popularity. Interesting and spectacular as the Dewey parade was it fell far short of Roosevelt's progress from the Battery to the Plaza at Fifty-ninth street.

A solid yell traveled with him. The bandmen might have ceased from tooting, for none heard their toots as the colonel passed. Here was two hours of uninterrupted cheering from five miles of people.

The final scene of this welcome was as dramatic as any lover of sensation may hope for. The Rough Riders were drawn up facing down Fifth avenue and the first thing he did was to stride from horse to horse and shake hands with every rider of them. The Spanish war veterans of the whole country presented him an album of complimentary resolutions, in acceptance of which Mr. Roosevelt spoke a dozen earnest words. It was all over in a whiff and at 1:35 he was speeding down Fifth avenue in a motor car to lunch at the home of Theron Alexander, grandfather of his son Theodore's fiancée.

REAL DAY OF REST

Roosevelt Enjoys a Quiet Sunday at His Oyster Bay Home

Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 20.—Yesterday was Theodore Roosevelt's first day of rest in months. The return to privacy is a delight to him, and he made it known that it is his desire to drop just as far out of public sight as the public will let him. In the autumn he will make a tour of the country.

Mr. Roosevelt went to Christ church in Oyster Bay in the morning and took a long walk in the afternoon. Senator Lodge and Representative Longworth were at Sagamore Hill all day and in the afternoon Secretary Meyer came for a visit. Roosevelt took an early train for New York today to attend the wedding of his son and Miss Alexander.

Skeleton Found in Old Mine

Newburyport, Mass., June 17.—The finding of a human skeleton in a shaft of the old silver mines on Sawyer's hill gives rise to the belief that the victim may have been murdered and thrown into the shaft thirty years ago when the mines were running.

Twenty Years For Killing Wife

Centre Ossipee, N. H., June 19.—Henry W. King of Moultonville, a blacksmith, was sentenced to not less than twenty nor more than thirty years in Concord prison for the death of his wife. On circumstantial evidence, King was convicted of murder in the second degree.

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